The Unitarian Calendar

The Christ himself had been no law-
giver,
Unless he had given the Life too,
with the Law.

—Mrs. Browning.

Vol. 5 DECEMBER — 1912 No. 4

OUR NATIONAL SOCIETIES

With headquarters in the building of the American Unitarian Association, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

Local offices at 104 East 20th Street, New York City; 105 South Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill., and 376 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal.

THE AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION

Founded in 1825.

The chief missionary organization of the Unitarian churches of America. It supports missionaries, establishes and maintains churches, holds conventions, aids in building meeting-houses, publishes books, tracts, and devotional works.

Address correspondence to the Secretary Rev. Lewis G. Wilson.

Address contributions to the Treasurer, Henry M. Williams.

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Founded in 1827.

Incorporated in 1885. The active work of the Society is carried on by the Department of Religious Education of the American Unitarian Association.

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Treasurer, Mr. Sanford Bates.

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The Unitarian Calendar

Vol. 5. DECEMBER, 1912. No. 4

"HENRY THOMAS BUCKLE'S CREED"

Scarce any book within the compass of modern literature has awakened more attention than the "History of Civilization in England," by Henry Thos. Buckle. The author had an immense number of admirers and followers; and those who did not agree with him probably acknowledged his genius. The following *jeu d'esprit,* from the (English) Dial, was undoubtedly by one of his opponents:

This is the creed—let no man chuckle—
Of the great thinker—Henry Buckle.

I believe in fire and water,
And in Fate, Dame Nature's daughter;
Consciousness I set aside,
The dissecting knife's my guide.
I believe in steam and rice,
Not in virtue, nor in vice:
In what strikes the outward sense,
Not in mind, nor Providence;
In a stated course of crimes,
In M'Culloch and the Times.
As for Truth, the ancients lost her;
Plato was a great impostor;
Morals are a vain illusion,
Leading only to confusion.
Not in Latin, nor in Greek,
Let us for instruction seek;
Let us study snakes and flies,
And on fossils fix our eyes.
Would we learn what we should do,
Let us watch the kangaroo.

Would we know the mental march,
It depends on dates—and starch.
I believe in all the gases,
As a means to raise the masses.
Carbon animates ambition;
Oxygen controls volition;
Much that's good and great in men,
May be traced to hydrogen;
And the body, not the soul,
Governs the stupendous whole.

RELIGION AND SCIENCE

REV. ARTHUR HAYES SARGENT

Some of the American troops in the Revolutionary War had a flag with the picture of a snake in thirteen separate pieces, and the motto, "unite or die." When Captain Clark came around Cape Horn with the battleship, Oregon, he was eager to meet the Spanish fleet, not all at once, but singly. He planned to let them chase his ship till they should be spread out and separate in the order of their speed and then turn upon his nearest pursuer and overcome it before the next could arrive, and so on to the end of the whole Spanish fleet. Thus by dividing his opponent he could overcome a force many times greater than his own. The process of uniting all the interests of life upon one purpose in which they all share is the way to more abundant life. The process of separation is the way of death.

In the old books of psychology the mind is divided into faculties and all its activities are treated as if they were different persons. Modern psychology recognizes that there are no separate faculties, but that in will or reason, or joy, or love, or hate the whole person is directed in a certain way in turn according to the situation.

In worship the whole man is religious and the worship can be no better or worse than the interests that engage him in work or pleasure; in pleasure the whole being is expressed and the pleasure will be just as sacred as the prayer or hymn that began the day or week of enjoyment. Work and influence will be as high or low as the acts of religion or recreation.

Thus in the greater school of experience as well as in the public school, when the studies are related to each other through their deeper source in universal laws, all activity will be moral and religious. Then religion will be ever pleasant, beautiful, and useful; work will be devoted and joyous; play will be divinely inspiring.

Such is religion in harmony with science. When there was no science, people classified plants and animals by their shape and appearance. When scientific methods developed the study went deeper and concerned the source of life in plant and animal. Then classes were formed and groups united according to inner likeness and origin. Religion, being a part of all life, must be in harmony with the known laws of matter and force. It thrived in savage men when there was no science and the earth was supposed to be flat. It may thrive as richly today in the mind of the most advanced leader of scientific research. Religion, like all else that is alive, in human life has its roots in the materials that furnish the mind, be they shallow or deep. As science loosens the soil under heavy errors of the past to which religion has clung, it only enables the roots of religion to find a deeper and surer hold upon the soil of life and and its ever-flowing springs.

Why should thy thoughts be left masterless to fancy, and passion, and objects, to carry them which way they please? —*Richard Baxter.*

THE THINGS THAT UNITE AND THE THINGS THAT DIVIDE

REV. J. T. SUNDERLAND

Of the Church of Our Father, Ottawa, Canada.

What is it that unites Christians? And what is it that divides them? The Golden Rule unites; the Lord's prayer unites; the two great commands, to love God and one's neighbor unite. How noble and how practicable a basis we have here for a union of all Christendom! The deep things always unite; the shallow divide. The things of the spirit always unite; the things of the letter divide. Trinities, atonement schemes, election theories, speculations about heaven and hell, always divide; the spirit of Christ always unites. The things that build up character and manhood, that strengthen duty, that bind men to their fellows and to God, always unite; forms, rites, ceremonies, creeds set up as tests and standards, fixed theological systems, alleged infallibilities of books and men, ecclesiastical fences—these forever divide.

Unitarianism recognizes all this, and hence puts its emphasis steadily—as both its traditions and its name compel it to do so—upon the deeper things, the things of the spirit, the eternal unities at the heart of the diversities. Hence the justness of its claim to be a uniting and an unsectarian religion.

Pride is the spring of malice and desire of revenge, and of rash anger and contention.

It makes men easily swell against anything that crosses them, because they have laid down this with themselves, that they deserve to be observed and respected, and not crossed at all; and when they find it otherwise, it kindles them to anger.

—*Archbishop Leighton.*

WHAT DOES A MAN STAND FOR

THOMAS STARR KING

What does a man stand for? This is the question that probes the real value attaching to him; because this shows how faithful he has been to the privilege of his humanity, and how much fellowship he has with God. We are not to ask, as this world asks, "How much is a man worth?" to get an answer in dollars; we are not to ask what the grade of his living is, the splendor of his house, the scale of his expenses, as though we could test in that way his essential value. The spiritual method of finding what a man is worth is to inquire what is the moral skeleton or frame-work of his career, and what purposes he is living for; to search for the central sentiments he lives by; to knock upon the substance of his soul and find whether he rings hollow or if the music of some everlasting principle thrills out to him.

Every man does represent a principle, either a mean one or a noble one, and by that he is estimated in the spiritual world. Now and then you see a human being that is not so much obedient to a principle as the personification of a principle. He is the law of justice walking among us and baptized with a Christian name. You feel not only that he tells the truth, but that he could not articulate a falsehood. Honor is so ingrained in him that the Custom House would shake itself clear of the force of gravitation as soon as he could bring himself to swear to a deceitful invoice. His word is as good as his bond, for both are simply the pledges of his character. His dealing with a man in trade is virtually a sacrament; and though he "promises to his loss, he makes his promise good," because he feels that there can be no loss that will compare with central degradation. Such a man is incapable of putting anything—money or station or ease or

fame—in comparison with an eternal verity, such as right, truth, the spirit of humanity. If he is in politics and the way should be open for him, broad and sunlit, to the White House, he would no more set out upon it than if it were paved with living vipers, if he must tread over the prostrate spirit of freedom in reaching that eminence, though cheers and music from twenty states should fill his ears on the path. If he has money, he knows that he is not made up of money; that he is built up of brain, conscience, heart and will; and that the only eternal value of his money lies in its being an implement of his nobler nature,—seeds of truth, blessings in poor homes, foundation-stones of institutions that send out warmth into the world's frosty air. If he is your friend, his courtesy is the expression of his inmost feeling; he is the friend of your nature, not of your purse, house, or dinner-table; and misfortune only brings him closer to you, because there is less of this world's drapery to keep him from intimate communion with your heart.

Such men count all things as loss for the excellency of principles. They have taken truth, the most sacred truth, into their substance. Their blood is no more the current and treasury of their physical life than the spirit of God, the element of all human virtue, is the life-stream of their souls.

Envy is the hatred of another's felicity: in respect of superiors, because we are not equal to them; in respect of inferiors, lest we should be equal to them; in respect of equals, because we are equal to them. —*St. Augustine.*

CONTEMPLATION

REV. GEORGE E. MACILWAIN

Of the First Unitarian Church, Toledo, Ohio.

There is much to be said, I think, for the oriental habit of contemplation. And I like to say this because it is so contrary to modern tendencies. We today, like Moses of old, are more likely to go out in front of the rock where we have been told water is and smite it with our pick or our hammer or to use a little dynamite and shoot the well and make it give up its treasures. And when people talk about the effort that uses quiet for its method and contemplation for its means, we are disposed to raise our eyebrows. There are, though, heavenly kingdoms that are not to be taken by violence. There are places where a man must just go and sit, "waiting for the moving of the waters." There are times—times that try men's souls—when one has just to sit down, in the highway or out of it, and trust to the chance of seeing the glory of God go by. There are "kinds" of devils even now that come not out save by prayer and fasting. There is a thin edge which the soul may take on that cuts into the very kernel of things and lays bare the richness that we all seek. All of this is summed up under the oriental habit of contemplation. I am no worshiper of the wise men of the east. But we people who storm the heights and take even the devil by the horns come up at times against things that will not open to us, thus coming.

When a man sets out to seek peace and pursue it, he starts out after a most elusive thing. I pause sometimes when I go by a cathedral with its hackneyed sign: "Enter, Rest and Pray," and almost go in. Then I say: "The Kingdom of God cometh not by observation." If it were not for the sign, I'd go in. Some things are lost

the minute you begin to talk about them. There are no words for their expression. At the sound of the voice the spirit vanishes. We can't even tell each other under what tree we sat when this or that happened. All that we know is that whereas we were once blind, now we see again, and it all came, too, when we least expected it.

FROM THE REPORT OF A UNITARIAN CIRCUIT PREACHER

My horse was sick for over a week, and my buggy was broken in a runaway, which made me considerable trouble and extra travel and expense.

I happened to stop over at ———, a sawmill town, and while waiting for the train, about five hours, I secured a hall, gathered an audience of about thirty, and preached a sermon on "What Is Unitarianism?" Much interest was created, and I received an invitation to return.

August was a very rainy month, but I managed between rains to do about the regular amount of work. I had some difficulties with swollen creeks, and my horse became mired in one quicksand, and I had quite a thrilling experience.

I am securing new members for the new congregation at ———. A new family recently moved there, who are Universalists, consisting of five adults, all good singers, and they will unite with us.

I have been invited to preach for the Universalists at ———. They have a little congregation near there. My son will attend the Normal Institute at that place, and I have set the fifth Sunday of September for my visit.

UNITARIAN HYMN

Thou Grace Divine, encircling all,
  A soundless, shoreless sea,
Wherein at last our souls must fall,
  O Love of God most free!

When over dizzy heights we go,
  One soft hand blinds our eyes.
The other leads us, safe and slow,
  O Love of God most wise!

And though we turn us from thy face,
  And wander wide and long,
Thou hold'st us still in thine embrace,
  O Love of God most strong!

The saddened heart, the restless soul,
  The toil-worn frame and mind,
Alike confess thy sweet control,
  O Love of God most kind!

But not alone thy care we claim,
  Our wayward steps to win;
We know thee by a dearer name,
  O Love of God within!

And, filled and quickened by thy breath,
  Our souls are strong and free
To rise o'er sin and fear and death,
  O Love of God, to thee!

Elizabeth Scudder

Dangerous conceits are, in their natures, poisons,
Which, at the first, are scarce found to distaste;
But, with a little action on the blood,
Burn like the mines of sulphur. —*Othello.*

III

Two young beavers fell to discussing their lot. "Think of it!" exclaimed one of them, "To spend a lifetime gnawing wood with one end and spatting mud with the other. Look at old Scissors-teeth, there, swimming as if he were to die to-morrow and must finish this dam to-day. How many years do you suppose he has been working? And what has he got out of it? Gnaw, gnaw, gnaw; paddle, paddle, paddle; spat, spat, spat! That sums up his life."

"I agree with you," said the other. "I have often thought how entirely wrong everything is that a beaver has to do with. During most of his life he can hardly keep his head above water long enough to breathe. He has to live where everything is damp and he is wet to the skin most of the time. But what troubles me most of all is his limitations. It is a way beavers have gotten into and it is all wrong. It was never intended that we should have nothing but mud to live in, dams to build, and never to go out of sight of a particular river. The system is utterly inadequate. We were born to be free," and he shook his head and spatted harder than ever with his tail.

"Just think of the injustice of it," exclaimed his friend. "Here we slave our lives away and get nothing for it. Then, too, we are often the victims of other beavers. They dam the river above us and we wait for water. They dam the river below us and we are flooded out. We are bound to be dammed any way you look at it. I tell you what! I have a scheme to bring about a regeneration of our industrial and social conditions. Isn't is strange that we have been such idiots as never to have thought of the great world about us! We were never intended to be confined by these unjust restrictions. The air

s free, the great plains are free, the sky is open and I, for one, am going to change this whole miserable order. Let us imitate the marmots. They dig holes where and when they like, they eat grass-roots when they choose, they run where they like; their prairies are endless and their freedom is boundless."

"True, true," said the other. "Let us teach all the beavers that the system under which they are living is one colossal mistake. Let us tell them what slaves they are, and how foolish it is to spend all their days within the narrow limits of their river and the perpetual toil of their dams."

So the two young beavers went rapidly about and gathered their colony together and eloquently described their bondage. Old Scissors-teeth shook his head at first, for it seemed incredible that no beaver had thought of these things before. But even he was finally persuaded and when they heard of the vast plain beyond the forest and the fair skies and the equal opportunities and perfect freedom where the marmots lived, they voted unanimously, old and young, to abandon the old life with its work and its wetness and its perpetual damming.

For a few days there was great rejoicing until everyone had been notified. Then they all came up out of the water and in double file slowly marched out of the great forest through which their river ran and found themselves upon a broad prairie, so wide that it seemed to cleave the sky on every side. They were delighted with the prospect. All their hardships seemed ended. Each could work when he pleased, eat when he was hungry, drink from the sloughs when thirsty, dig holes when he felt like it, and ask no favors and request no permission from any one.

"For once" said one of the young reformers, "beavers have a fair and equal chance. On these plains no one need hurry, no one may command,

no one obey, no beaver consult another's will,
Turn to, now, and really *live.*"

And thus all day long they enjoyed the prospect. One, two, three days passed away and with brave composure the beavers talked incessantly of their good fortune; but when night approached on the fourth day one of the reformers said to the other,

"How're your teeth?"

"They itch. How is your tail?"

"It is a trifle sore," said the first beaver. "I've got a blister on my tail as big as a clam, and somehow, I feel all over as if I should fly out of my skin."

"I, too, have the same sensation. Have you seen old Scissors-teeth lately? I haven't seen him since yesterday."

"Why, no! where can he be? And then, too, my jaws are just aching to carry a hunk of wet moss and while all this freedom is well enough I should just like a sniff of flag-root."

"Whew! don't speak of it! I say, lets you and I steal away to-night and have a plunge over the old dam!"

"I'll do it," the other replied, and that night they made a wide detour so as not to be seen by the others and hastened to the river. Into it they plunged and were soon dashing about in great glee.

As they were just setting their teeth into a great log they had been gnawing a few days before, an old beaver poked his nose above the further side, and if there wasn't Scissors-teeth, who exclaimed,

"No more dry freedom for me. I've been here two days. Give me plenty of wet limitations."

Just then, plunge, plunge, plunge was heard from every side, and before the two "progressive" beavers realized what had happened the entire colony was immersed, for every one had

blistered tail, itching teeth and a dirty skin and had resolved to get back to the old dam that night.

"Well, well," exclaimed their leader in mock solemnity, "this beats all! To leave your freedom behind and to come back here to all these servile necessities. What does it all mean?"

"I'll tell you what it all means," growled old Scissors-teeth—"it means that what you call our servile necessities and our freedom are one and the same thing. No necessities, no freedom for beavers."

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT

REV. ARTHUR M. SMITH

Of the First Unitarian Church, Berkeley, Cal.

There are two grounds on which the advocates of capital punishment base their argument for its continuance. First, the thought of such punishment is a strong deterrent in the mind of anyone contemplating the gravest crime, hence the statute operates to some extent for public safety. Second, the punishment is just retribution for the gravest of crimes. Justice demands it. As to the first argument: Any human being who has sunk so low that he will deliberately plan the death of another is evidently beyond all serious concern for his own moral or physical welfare. Ample proof of this is afforded by the fact that the condemned criminal very rarely breaks down as he goes to his final punishment. How could the thought of any such event break in upon his plans and meditations days or months before and be a serious deterrent to him? He is not built on those lines. Moreover, the advocates of this deterrent theory are utterly inconsistent, for they propose an absolutely painless

death as a means of frightening and deterring from crime a person in whom all sensibilities except the physical are practically dead when he decides to commit crime. To be consistent in this argument they should not painlessly hang the criminal but should put him through a long course of physical torture, and should call in the criminally inclined, and children who need to be educated, to witness the spectacle! If legal punishment is to be used as a deterrent on those who might be tempted to commit crime, then it should be conducted in such a manner as to have the utmost pedagogic effect on the community.

As to the second argument, namely, that justice demands the death penalty: It is said, as, for example, in the editorial in a recent newspaper, that the "wretch" who committed the crime should satisfy justice by giving up his life. This 'justice" is simply the law. Change the law and there is no "justice" which demands that men shall kill each other for any purpose. "Justice" is what we have been taught as the demands of the law. We can make or unmake the law. Aside from the written statute where is the basis for this "justice?" There must be some benefit sought for the aggrieved party, for society in general, or for the criminal. But a dead man is of no benefit to anybody under the sun, yet there is always hope of making a live man see the error of his way and yielding something of value out of his life to the society he has wronged. Besides, it is grossly inconsistent and "unjust" to kill a man for the purpose of satisfying society, since that act cannot in any sense restore to society the one who was previously slain by the criminal, and it is doubly inconsistent to kill a man for the purpose of teaching society not to kill!

NEWS NOTES

Rev. Herbert C. Farwell, superintendent of The Salem Fraternity, issues a leaflet describing his work in dealing with a large number of boys in the City of Salem. Any one interested in such work will find many suggestions in this bulletin. At his summer camp for boys he had an attendance of 1,736. Among the objects to which this Association gives its attention might be mentioned the Newsboys' Club, work in handicraft, night schools, library and stamp savings bank, outdoor work and summer encampments, etc.

At a recent meeting of the Unitarian club connected with the Unitarian church of Baltimore the Hon. W. H. Maltbie made an address upon "A Modern Method of Securing Civic Efficiency." Mr. Maltbie has made a special study of this question, and the suggestions which he made were of great importance not only to the City of Baltimore, but to civic conditions generally.

One of the pleasant communications which comes to us regularly is a little calendar from the Unitarian church of Timaru, New Zealand. It is at this time of year rather pleasant to read the following opening sentence of Mr. Chapple's communication to his congregation,—"The winter is nearly over and the song of birds is heard in the land. The cold months just over have been made pleasant in the local Unitarian world through the many pleasant evenings spent in the Unitarian Hall. The summer comes in with the smell of violets, and our movement must keep apace with it."

Rev. Arthur Hayes Sargent, who recently resigned at Eugene, Ore., and has accepted a call to the church at Eureka, Cal., publishes an interesting church paper each month, entitled

"Good News." The feature which is especially suggestive in this paper is his review of recent books. The book to which he refers in the last number of his paper is "The Son of Man and the Social Question," by Rev. Francis G. Peabody of the Harvard Divinity School.

The Ministers' Institute which is to be held in Berkeley, Cal., on December 17th, 18th and 19th will have as its general topic, "Profounder Reflective Thought the Inspiration for Practical Service." This institute promises to be of great value to the ministers of California. Such subjects as "Denominational Ideals and Religion," by Rev. Theodore C. Williams, Lit. D.; "Materialism and Religion," by Rev. Clarence Reed of Palo Alto; "Spirituality of the Universe," by Dr. Morgan; "The Personality of God," by Dr. Smith of Berkeley, will be given the first day. The interpretations of Bergson and Eucken and reviews of books will also form a part of the program; while "The Philosophical Basis of Liberal Religion," by Rev. E. Stanton Hodgin of Los Angeles; "The Social Aspects of Religion," by Dr. Crooker of Redlands; and "The Church of the Twentieth Century," by Mr. Leavitt of San Francisco, and other addresses will occupy the entire session of Thursday, December 19th. The institute will close with addresses upon "The Philosophical Basis of Socialism," by Prof. G. P. Adams of the University of California, and "The Civic Function of the Church," by Rev. William Day Simons of Oakland. The Secretary of the American Unitarian Association will be present and make the final address.

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